

# MONKEY GLAND PATIENT DESCRIBES HIS FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS

## LASTING RESULTS HIS GOAL

Temporary Restoration of Brain Power Would Be Fearful Blow, Bacon Says.

By IRVING R. BACON, (Copyright, 1921.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Approximately seventy hours ago I was being operated on for the transplantation of a monkey gland. If you were to step up to my bed in the Hotel Majestic and ask "How do you feel today? What are your sensations to date?" I would reply: "I am feeling fairly well. As to my sensations, speaking broadly, I do not note any that are definite enough at this early date to be traceable by me to benefits accrued from the operation. I believe, and am advised by men who should know, that immediate results—meaning within two or three days—cannot be identified offhand."

**Hopes for Lasting Benefit.**  
In such an operation as mine, intended to restore a lagging brain to its normal power, results must fall under the classifications of temporary or "permanent." Naturally, it is the permanency—assuming that we consider the word to define an age limit within the bounds of reason—that I would attain, if possible.

Granted that I were to fly again through the fleecy clouds of intellectual powers, untrammelled by a weary pre-senility, it would be a blow if that benefit would prove but a transitory one. In fact, I would sink perhaps lower than ever before in the gloomy depths of dependency. It is my opinion that such an operation, if it should prove to be but

a short-lived benefit, would, instead of being a boon, prove to be almost a curse. It would mean that the veil of possibilities was lifted, and then, when one began to carry on the duties of a well-ordered brain, the lights would become dim again. The sense of disappointment after having been snatched from the clasp of old age only to be hurled back again would be intellectual death, if not actual bodily death.

But I am hopeful, especially so since the various doctors have re-examined me time and again, and have given me the glad tidings that my heart is beating regularly.

I will be glad if my heart is restored to normal condition, but it is of my brain and my purposes in life that I am mostly concerned.

I am thankful for the flowers that have been sent to my suite. Kind letters are heaped on my table beside the bed. Perhaps some of those messages are responsible for what has been characterized the improved condition of my heart action.

My wife, who has tried to bear up bravely in this ordeal, is becoming very tired. She refuses to take proper rest. She almost exerts physical violence on herself in order that she may appear cheerful. But I, who have known her for these twenty-eight years of our married life, realize it is a struggle. Her consolation and cheering words have done much to make my lot a comparatively easy one.

Although I feel comparatively stronger and am sure that I am on the road to recovery from the operation itself, I must be truthful and say that I have a slight headache. This, I am sure, is from the excitement of it all. You see I have had to undergo all manner of tests, examinations and cross-questioning.

**Always Mental Worker.**  
Another thing which may account for my headache is the fact that in all my career I never have given myself or been forced to take a mental rest. Always I have had to pursue my work unceasingly, and I always wanted to work. My instinct has been always to seek rather than to avoid mental tasks.

This rest, one that is forced on me, possibly accounts for my aching head. There are thoughts throbbing through my brain, seeking to get out. Yet I am not permitted to do more than write my article, and this is to be kept as short as possible so as not to tire me out.

As to my wound, I am suffering no pain in that respect.

**Dreaded Ordeal.**  
During the time I have had to myself in this room, I have dwelt on my plans. I recall now a thought which crept over me while in the midst of Monday's operation. I may have been very weak then. At any rate, I felt an impulse to weep. As I lay there, with the surgeons working busily on my body, I had this thought:

"How I dread coming to such a pass where I have to seek from the body of a monkey—a mere brute—a gland which is intended by those who transplant it to put me in a condition where I can work through to my life's goal. Why cannot I fade from the picture entirely after I have found someone else who can will carry on my philosophies and give them to the world?"

I had that thought because of the contrast that was put before me. My philosophy, the doctrine of "Sympathism," is a sublime thing. To insure its furtherance—or to try to insure it—I was in a position of certain embarrassment, but I was willing to

## GLAND PATIENT'S HEART BEATING NORMAL AGAIN

Progress of Bacon Case Amazes Professional and Laymen Alike.

By GENE FOWLER, (Copyright, 1921.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—Medical men attendant on Irving R. Bacon, monkey gland patient, have noted in his condition since the operation of Monday morning certain changes.

Of such vital necessity is it that they maintain a position of the most assiduous conservatism that their statements of today are confined solely to the verified facts of the patient's convalescence.

For twenty-four hours Bacon has been subjected to tests to ascertain the authenticity of his surgeon's finding that his heart action has returned to normal. Before the operation it was characterized by examining doctors as having "missed every fourth beat" in a "most regularly irregular manner."

**What Is Significant.**  
What the attending surgeons and the observing medical men want to know is: What is the significance of this return to normal of a heart that a year ago, in an examination by Dr. S. C. Smith, Philadelphia heart specialist, showed a missing beat in every four, and gave the same indication with forty-eight hours before the monkey gland operation?

Reporters were informed Tuesday of the belief of Dr. Thomas W. Edgar, who performed the operation, and the report of Dr. J. A. McLeary, who was associated with Dr. Edgar in the operation, that Bacon's heart was beating regularly.

**Cardiogram Made.**  
Dr. Jerome Wagner, the distinguished surgeon who observed the operation and who took a most thorough history of the patient and examined his heart, was unable to conduct further tests up to late last night. Dr. Edgar, however, who accompanied Bacon to Dr. Wagner's office, quotes Dr. Wagner as having found an irregularity in Bacon's heart action forty-eight hours before the operation. Dr. McLeary found such an irregularity, he says, whereas he now finds a regularity.

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## Last Exciting Innings As Brisbane Saw Them

Arthur Brisbane, greatest newspaper reporter in the world, was at the opening game of the world series and wrote in his inimitable way just what happened there.

The main part of his article was contained in the green edition of The Times last evening. The report of the latter part of the game, which came too late for the green edition, follows:

Pity the poor umpire, whose untutored mind never seems to please everybody, and he works so hard.

Do you remember how Themistocles was driven out and forced to live in Persia by the ungrateful country that he saved? That would be like sending Runyon to live in Yonkers. The umpire knows the bitterness that drove the old Greek to his end. There could be no base ball without him, yet he has all the hate, none of the game. Please, if you ever see a baseball game, cheer the umpire. No, that would not be heard in his hissing. But, anyhow, shake hands with him afterwards, like Roosevelt unbending to the locomotive engineer.

Babe Ruth comes to bat, beginning of sixth inning. Runyon says: "What came ye forth for to see?" The answer of this crowd is not, "To see the Bambino strike out twice." Well, all the more reason for coming again, if you like baseball.

Runyon was saying: "You can't write a perfect baseball report; it is impossible; there is so much in the game." Can you imagine that? They hit the ball and they run, or miss the ball and don't run. You know just which way they are going to run. They are so big, shaped like steam rollers, that they can't get even well started in 90 feet. Then again they hit it or run, or don't run. man can write a really good"—Ruth struck out again. Excuse these

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Runyon says there is too much in it. He must be a distant cousin of the German professor that devoted his whole life to the study of one Greek word, and dying, said, "I should have confined myself to Genetive."

All things end, including this game and this report. Here comes the beginning of the ninth, and barring unfair miracles, the last inning. Score, 3 to 6, for the Yankees.

Some are leaving already. They are Giant fans. They go silent and remorseful, gall in their hearts. "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried," etc.

Here's the Ninth. Two Yankees are out in the beginning of—the ninth. A new Giant pitcher, replacing Shuffling Phil, has put out two. Now the Giants in this inning must make four runs. They won't. They won't even make three. What a fine thing for the liver to cut wood or mow weeds!

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for the Yankees, two out and Schang batting. If he is put out the inning is over.

Two balls, no strikes; three balls. The pitcher is not trying to get strikes, does not want to give Schang, dangerous man, a good ball to hit at. Too bad there is no time to describe pitching to you, in case you have not seen it. Every pitcher is made of human rubber, and they literally "wind themselves up." The human skeleton is a marvel. "Fearfully and wonderfully made," indeed are we. Yankees out, three runs. Giants in for their last chance and last inning.

Frisch, that German-American Fordham College boy, has made his fourth hit. He excited the baseball writers, as Whistler used to excite the London artists when this writer was as young as Frisch. He is to be "one great player," Runyon says.

Double play, all out, and it's all over. Score of first great game, 3 to 6 for the Yankees; and we told you so, right at the beginning. Everybody is going home.

**Writers' League to Meet.**  
The Writers' League of Washington will hold a meeting tomorrow night at 8 o'clock in the Public Library.

**Mission at St. Patrick's.**  
The Dominican Fathers will give a two-weeks' mission at St. Patrick's Church, beginning October 9. The missionaries, Fathers Foley and Connelly, of the Order of Preachers, will be assisted by the Rev. Ignatius Smith, of the Dominican College, Catholic University.

**CRANBERRY PICKERS EARN \$3.00 AN HOUR**  
BROWNS MILLS, N. J., Oct.—War-time wages are outstripped by the earnings of cranberry pickers, as owners are rushing to harvest the crop before a killing frost. There is great competition for the cranberry picking championship in New Jersey, and some remarkable records have been hung up during the last few days. Expert pickers are making from \$2 to \$3 an hour.

In the Freeman bogs at Goose Creek, Myron Wilbert scooped twenty-five bushels of berries in four hours. Saul Applegate scooped forty bushels in six hours, and Clifford Applegate and Edward Tice, working as a team, harvested sixty-four bushels in less than five hours. Growers pay from thirty to fifty cents a bushel for scooped berries, and from fifty to eighty cents for hand picking.

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